

we move in these
tree streets

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Boys In Love, Fluff, M/M, i didnt proof this and im not sorry, its stupid but idc, theres literally nothing sad about this fanfic, theyre just like in love and shit

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/ Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-21

Updated: 2017-09-21

Packaged: 2020-01-20 15:58:33

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 813

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

this is the teenage dream (based off 400 Lux by Lorde)

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Richie draped his wrist over the steering wheel of his musty car, tapping his index finger along with the tape player. The sky was orangey blue, and he felt orangey blue with it. Not blue in a sad way, blue in a happy go lucky color of the summer sky way. There was too much time to kill, but he was killing it with Eddie in his passenger's seat, sipping vending machine orange juice. Eddie looked out the window, judging all the houses on the street that looked so cookie cutter, built the same for quick buys in an inclining housing market. Boring.

Sometimes they spent their summer days like this, apart from the usual club, hanging off each others shoulders, sharing bottles of coca cola at the nearest fast food restaurant.

(Eddie hated fast food, and everything inside it, but chicken nuggets were too good and he hated himself for loving them)

Eddie would stick his head out the window and let the wind rustle his hair, Richie liked to watch him. He always smiled at the cookie cutter houses and talk.

He'd say "I love these roads." before turning at Richie and smirking, "Everyone thinks they're perfect in these rich little neighborhoods, but it's so boring. Lets not be like that." The orange lense of the sun would beam off his judging face, his cheeks still sticking out. He'd lost a lot of fat since he was young, but his cheeks were still soft. Richie could've easily gotten them in a fender-bender because of how often he'd reach over to pinch them.

And it made them both happy to know they both expected a future out of each other.

"Of course not" Richie replied, "Besides, those are the kinds of neighborhoods kids ransack on halloween. Rich neighborhoods give big candy bars, I can't deal with those expectations."

Eddie pulled his head out from the window, leaning it over to rest against Richie's shoulder. "I like you."

Sometimes one of them would call the other on a whim, wanting to drive around and waste gas going to whatever place sounded like a good place to talk about trivial things. They loved that. Having a lot to not do, then doing it with each other.

The thing was, that even though it was a waste of gas and money, they loved it. It was their thing. Lots of couples would take the other to fancy restaurants and towny movie theaters, and that was cute, but these boys liked to pick up and go to a movie theater an hour out of town just so they could spend the time in the car talking to each other about the different things they see on the way, or anything else.

Eddie loved going home after those dates. He loved looking at how obviously tired and cold Richie was. Of course, he had to keep the air cranked in order to make Eddie the cold one-- just so he could give Eddie one of the sweatshirts that hung off him like tinsel on a Christmas tree. Richies eyes would droop behind his glasses, but Eddie always looked to him from the side, peaking through at the eyes that weren't enlarged by two coke bottle lenses. It always surprised him to remember his eyes weren't large and all-knowing. Richie always had this dopey grin on his face. They could be sitting with their voices halted with a whir of the AC and cassette, and he'd smile so contently.

They were so content, so happy, so comfortable. Everyone thought the teenage dream was getting sweaty in the back of the car on the top of some nicknamed cliff, but for them it was nearly falling asleep on the way back from a makeshift road trip to some dinky hour away movie theater.

At the end of the night, Richie would try to drop Eddie off and head home, but Eddie always pulled him inside, sneaking past his snoring mother into his room. They closed the door softly, and immediately Richie would slump down and hang on Richie like one of his sweatshirts.

"I love you but you have to take your shoes and socks off before you sleep." Eddie would whisper-yell. Richie would groan before slipping away from Eddies warmth so the two of them could get into pajamas.

That was the next best part. Curling up together with someone you

love in a pair of comfy clothes right after a long car ride. Raw sleepiness made the pair meld together like their skin on the sheets. Everything was soft (sheets, skin, lips against foreheads), warm (body heat, still-warm sweatshirts) and fuzzy (eyesight without glasses, extra blankets).

They were both stupid, and in love, and they'd whisper assholic things to each other before saying their "I love you"'s and drifting into a safe, soft, warm, fuzzy dream.